

RECKLESS RALPH'S

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.

Price \$1.00 per year or ten cents a copy.

Ad. rates—1c per word. 25c per inch (about 30 words), Quarter page \$1.00,

Half page \$1.75, Full page \$3.00. Display adverts., 50c per inch.

Four consecutive insertions for the price of three.

Vol. 9

May, 1941

No. 105

## BLOOD & THUNDER NOVELS OF THE GAY NINETIES PERIOD

By Frisco Bert

Much has been written in recent times upon the subject of blood and thunder novels for boys by prominent, talented authors of great repute and by amateur writers who write merely for the fun of it when they hit upon a subject that arouses their enthusiasm. But most of these articles are based upon the writers' enjoyment in having read some of those old time "Bloods" or upon their impressions of their place in American literature. These old time nickel and dime novels are more definitely recognized as Americana of gem quality. Little has been written about the highly colorful and interesting men who wrote those old time novels and for the very good reason that they are now nearly all dead and gone.

Our good friend, Weldon D. Woodson, has recently contributed a nice article upon the subject of "Who Wrote 'Nick Carter?'" This is a piece of constructive writing that Dime Novel Collectors will welcome for their files and upon their behalf let me thank Mr. Woodson here for his research upon the subject. However, he credits John Coryell with being the creator of the character of NICK CARTER. I am constrained to take issue with him upon this subject. We folk of these latter days are prone to write as facts our impressions and beliefs, based upon the best sources of information available anent "them good old days." Fortunately, however,

there were some foresighted writers of great talent who seized opportunity by mane and tail and preserved some fine word pictures of some of those old dime novel writers before they passed on over The Great Divide. Why not travel back over the trail to the year of 1902 with the Hon. Gelett Burgess and look at one of the most noted of these dime novel writers through Mr. Burgess' eyes. To juggle his article "The Confessions Of A Dime Novelist" for the sake of camouflaging it for any reason would be similar to gilding a lily and would certainly defeat the purpose of my research and writing upon the subject of dime novels for the information and entertainment of the readers of Welcome News, i. e., to preserve and to disseminate accurate information upon this subject as reference material for dime novel collectors. (It will be noted in this article by Mr. Burgess that Mr. Sawyer was Editor of a SAN JOSE newspaper and NOT a San Diego newspaper). We feel that by giving Mr. Burgess' own version and impressions of a fascinating interview with the INVENTOR of the character of NICK CARTER in full that we are serving a good end. To those who have not read before anything by Mr. Burgess we hope this splendid article will whet our readers appetite to read more from his facile pen. So let us hear now what Mr. Burgess has to say about his meeting with EUGENE T. SAWYER, father of NICK CARTER, whose claim was made in 1902 and was not challenged by anyone in the era when all of these dime novel authors were alive.



(I have been in communication with Mr. Sawyer's daughter as she is still alive and has some of her father's original manuscript, I believe.)

AUGUST ISSUE OF THE  
NEW YORK BOOKMAN—1902.

### "THE CONFESSIONS OF A DIME NOVELIST"

Told To Gelett Burgess

(Illustrations are of Nick Carter Library No. 54 & No. 123 & Log Cabin Vol. 1—No. 32. and photograph of EUGENE T. SAWYER.)

He carried no sixshooter at his belt; he wore no false whiskers to deceive me; he seemed the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat, this arch-author of romance, the king of dime novelists, whose pen has tracked and slain more villains and rescued more heroines than Dumas himself. His editions are not measured by thousands but by cartloads; he probably holds the world's championship for story writing with upwards of seventy five books to his discredit.

As the professional humorist has usually a mournful visage, so no doubt all writers of 'yellow-backs' and 'shilling shockers,' to be typical of the trade, should wear a patient and gentle face. Nature flies to extremes; she delights in paradoxes, and EUGENE T. SAWYER, author of MOST of the "Nick Carter" adventures, is himself a genial, sadly smiling gentleman, whose greatest care, is for his geraniums when he leaves the office of the San Jose newspaper where he holds the City Editor's desk. But he has his own reasons why he does not choose to "dress the part," like CHARLES F. LUMMIS or JOAQUIN MILLER, in boots and buckskins and sombrero.

"To a man whose life is measured by yards of ribbon and pounds of cheese, or bounded by the four dingy walls of a counting house," he said "a dime novel is a revelation and a delight. Most of my readers are mere 'supers' on the stage of life. They are not in themselves picturesque. Nothing romantic ever happens to them. For all these, hungry for something to take them out of themselves, the dime novel provides a thrill per

page, the only real mental stimulus they are capable of. The heroes strut through the pages of the 'yellow-back' are the only interesting persons they ever hobnob with. No wonder they love Nick Carter."

But it must not be thought that Mr. Sawyer takes his work seriously. The excitement that the chambermaid and stable boy gets in reading these lurid escapades the author received in writing them. He not only has a record for quantity, but for speed.

"The fastest work I ever did," Mr. Sawyer said, "was once when I got an order by wire from Street & Smith, saying that one of their regular writer's had failed them, and asking if I could send them a story of 60,000 words in four days. Of course, I accepted. And that, too, was in the days of LONGHAND, before typewriters were common. As usual, I procrastinated, and two days had elapsed before I thought about the story. Then I locked myself into my room and began, writing in lead pencil, while my wife copied my work in ink. I didn't eat nor sleep, living on coffee alone, till the novel was completed, in about sixty hours. In order to have the manuscript reach the publishers on time, I had to have it in the postoffice at noon, and I caught that mail with something less than a minute to spare. When I saw CAPTAIN CRASH in print, it was like reading a new book, I had forgotten absolutely everything about the plot and the characters, having written almost automatically.

"How do you go to work?" I inquired, "Do you block out your plot first, and have a general idea of your people?"

"I begin thinking with the first word set down, and not before," he said. "Of course, I must begin with something that will attract interest. The old method used to be something like this:

"Help! Help! Help! These words rang out into the air on a cold November night, in a little town not twenty miles distant from New York. Some one was in dire need, but the whole country seemed utterly deserted."

And then immediately after there was a row of stars, after which the paragraph went on.

"Twenty years ago, Ephraim Gobson

was the most respected citizen in New Potsdam, and Huldah, his sunny-haired daughter, was called the prettiest girl in the village, etc. etc."

"But I fancy I revolutionized the opening of the dime novel. Writers for the magazines have learned how necessary it is to begin the plot with the first word, and do it perhaps more artistically, but it's the same principle. Here are some of my beginnings. For instance, in RAMON ARANDA, THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE, I start: "We will have the money, or she shall die!"

or, in another one I thought rather striking:

"Swear the defendant!" and in THE DEAD MAN'S HAND the opening line was this:

"It is a case of mysterious disappearance, Mr. Carter!"

Sometimes it is harder to get a good opener than a good title, though the title and the 'cover situation' are what usually sell the book. That last quotation is from THE DEAD MAN'S HAND; or, NICK CARTER'S MATCHLESS METHOD. The main title was suggested to me by the publishers, who thought it would sell well, and from that phrase I built up the whole book."

"But what is your method when you're once started?" I asked. "No matter how cheap a tale it is, it must be built up on some kind of system. You must have 'architecture' of sorts in order to hold the reader's interest."

"You are right," Mr. Sawyer said, "and, indeed, this particular kind of dramatic quality is hard to get. I doubt if many 'legitimate' authors could continue to build up a plot with climax after climax, like a house of cards, so cleverly that at the last push the whole mystery would fall down. And that is what is necessary. The principle seems to be, first, that every chapter shall contain a sensation, then that these situation-sensations shall be cumulative, growing harder and harder for the hero, until at last the knot is untied in the most unexpected way possible. I make no sketch of my plot, nor outline my chapters, but I suppose I feel it naturally. I get my hero into an apparently inextricable situation,—bound and gagged on the edge of a bottomless pit, perhaps; then I get up from

my desk, walk about the room awhile, light a cigar, then—sit down to my paper and pull him out of danger. Of course, there is some main thread in my mind. If a man mysteriously disappears, I have the solution in my head and work toward that."

"Are there no other 'unities' necessary in the dime novel," I said, "besides these considerations of suspense?"

"Yes! Decidedly. First there is the moral 'unity.' The trend of the whole story must be moral. Virtue must triumph, vice and crime must not only be defeated but must be painted in colors so strong and vivid that there is no mistake about it. The stories of the James boys are the only exceptions I know; but, after all, they came to grief at last. A criminal, according to dime-novel ethics can never for a moment have a decent, charitable thought. We cannot deal with mixed motives. Remember, please, this is not life, but popular fiction. We are playing with puppets—with villains, heroes, heroines and detectives, and they must pair off according to an established custom. The detective must not fall in love with the heroine, however beautiful, nor she with him, although he has rescued her from danger and dishonor. No, she is created to love the hero, and love him she must. Our psychology is all ready-made and of the simplest kind."

"But how much do you get for these stories?" I asked. "I wonder that it is worth your while."

"Oh, I have retired long since," said Mr. Sawyer. "As I explained, I did it partly for the fun of it and the love of excitement. As to pay, I used to get fifty dollars apiece for the Nick Carters, and they ran to about 25,000 words. The Log Cabin Novels were twice as long, or 50,000 words; and I got \$100.00 apiece, so the pay averaged two dollars a thousand words. I 'Americanised' one of the Nick Carters from Gaborau in three days once, and once I turned out three fifty-thousand word novels in a month. Then I did serials for the New York Weekly. I have written about seventy-five novels in all."

I gasped, "and Nick Carter was the most famous of your heroes?"

"He not only was, but still is. They have put other men at work on him.



indeed, even while I was writing his adventures, and sometimes we got each other into queer troubles. Why! Nick Carter was actually killed three times, and we had a hard time bringing him to life with any plausible explanation. And Nick Carter still goes on with his exploits. What's more strange, he doesn't grow old. He's still the young impetuous, dashing detective that he was twenty years ago, and when I am in my grave I suppose my hero will still rescue unfortunate damsels and hold up ten hardened criminals with one gun. He's immortal."

"Where did you get your idea for him?"

"I used to be a court reporter in the early days here, when there was any amount of picturesque crime going on; and, besides that, I knew TIBURCIO VASQUEZ well. He was the most noted of the Spanish Californian brigands. I've written a book about him. My court work led me into a pretty thorough acquaintance with all kinds of criminals and I had plenty of material in my head all the time. But perhaps my chief inspiration was old NED BUNTLINE, who was really the first one to write 'penny dreadfuls' and the inventor of the 'dime novel.' He made Buffalo Bill famous, but he was vastly more picturesque himself than Buffalo Bill or than any of his own characters. He began by writing for the New York Mercury. He was a graduate of Annapolis, and served awhile in the United States Navy, during which time he fought thirteen duels with his brother officers and escaped without a scratch. He was in the Civil War as a Colonel of a New York regiment of volunteers, but was cashiered for drunkenness and sent home. Then he reformed and became a temperance lecturer. In that capacity he came to San Francisco, and there I met him. On his way back east he stopped off at Laramie and met Bill Cody and wrote a description of him for a leading New York paper. That began Buffalo Bill's fame. Then he wrote a series of tales in which Bill was the hero, and then a play for him in which they both, with Wild Bill and Texas Jack, took part. But Buntline began to drink again and the show dissolved, after which Buf-

falo Bill went on the boards on his own account and became a celebrity. Do you wonder that I find it easy to provide picturesque events and characters?"

"But your own life has been as quiet and peaceful as your novels are exciting," I suggested.

"Perhaps," he said, smiling. "I got into a thieves kitchen in 'Frisco once. But my ventures have mostly been commercial. I have been a member of the Board of Education here in San Jose, California, and I have visited a schoolroom to see boys hiding my own novels behind their geographies! But now I'm in the newspaper harness, and not likely to get out of it."

I had heard that 'GENE SAWYER' was one of the best city editors on the Pacific Coast, and I wondered why he had never had a paper of his own.

"But I did!" he protested. "It ran for eleven days, and was called THE GARDEN CITY TIMES. You'll never guess who was my associate—EDWIN MARKHAM, 'The Man With The Hoe!' It was this way: We got a backer for the sheet, a man with more money than brains, and Markham and I started in to make it the best paper in town. He was literary editor and reporter, and did clipping and stuff for the eighth page, while I did the rest, even rustling 'ads.'"

Well, in four days I got the advertisement of a liquor man, and it turned out that our 'angel' was a Prohibitionist and wouldn't stand for liquor 'ads,' which, of course, were the best paying business we had. Markham and I held a consultation and decided to go ahead alone. We paid our printers by scraping together all the money we had, and ran four days with 700 subscribers. After eleven days the printers wanted more money, and when we had paid them off, Markham and I gave up and walked out into St. James's Park and divided up \$3.75.

"You must have travelled a good deal, Mr. Sawyer," I said, "for your stories I see you are familiar with New York and the East."

"I was in New York for four days in 1865," he replied, "and upon that brief acquaintance I found my scenes. But, of course, the mise-en-scenes like the characters of my novels, are purely conventional and do not vary."



I can get together enough knowledge of places from guide books and maps to satisfy the very modest exigencies of the case, and when I am writing of brigands, of course, I can indulge in Californian local color of my own knowledge. For New York, I used Harlem and Brooklyn freely, knowing how little New Yorkers themselves know of such places.

"I must confess that I have always been a reader as well as a writer, of dime novels, though I do not read only that class of literature by any means. I have read them since I was a boy, and still read them, now perhaps from curiosity and because of my knowledge of the technique of this particular kind of fiction. It is not, however, only the 'submerged tenth' who reads cheap stories. I have been into bookshops and seen bankers and capitalists gravely paying their nickels for the same tales their own elevator boys read. I have known literary men to confess that they had read tales as bad as mine with interest and excitement. Such yarns are about as good a remedy for brain fag as you could find. There're easy to read and require little effort of the mind. You can read *THE PIRATE OF THE CARIBBEES* when your nerves forbid ethical discussions. But as to my beginning, my first pot-boiling was done by accident. My wife was sick at home and I was nursing her. I soon had read everything in the house and had to borrow of a neighbor. All he had was a pile of New York Weeklies, and when I had finished them I was so absorbed in the gentlemen who gag bandits and ladies who wear daggers in their bosoms, human hounds and boy ferrets, that I though I'd try it myself and have some of the fun of writing.

I sent my stuff to the same weekly and got \$150.00 by return mail. They say that dime-novel writers are born, not made. It isn't so easy as it looks. Of course, I never made any claims to literary quality, and never tried for a 'style.' My books were, frankly, 'pot-boilers,' and I think I have sense of humor enough to know where they stand. Still, *LOUIS ALCOTT* did it once. I'm on a bad eminence, I know. But though my work was all trashy, it never pandered to any depraved tastes. For a dime novel you require

only three things—a riotous imagination, a dramatic instinct and a right hand that never tires. I never revised a line or crossed out a word. But I doubt if every one could write that way, offhand, as it were, and turn out a story that a messenger boy could no more leave half done than a fox terrier could stop in the pursuit of a rat," he said.

There was no doubt that he had a sense of humor. Dignified, gentle, affable, the quiet editor of a quiet paper in a quiet town, his work is, perhaps, as well known and as dearly loved as any author of repute. He has written not one, but many novels that have sold into the hundreds of thousands. *HALL CAINE* and *MARIE CORELLI* might walk down Fifth Avenue hand in hand without creating the enthusiasm this grey-eyed man would meet were he recognized by the Great Unwashed as the original "Nick Carter."

And I am wondering if, rather than being remembered as another brighter light of a similar name is, by surreptitious fugitive bits of lewd verse and prose, I would not prefer to be known—in the hearts of the telegraph messengers—as the author of *Guisepe*, the Weasel, *Murdered For Revenge*, *Looted In Transit* and *A Dead Man's Hand*—as *EUGENE SAWYER*, the Best Of Worst Novelists." So wrote Mr. Gelett Burgess and in the name of fellow dime novel collectors we thank him for recording that interview in 1902.

Mr. Sawyer died in San Jose, California, and his daughter still resides there. We have been in communication with her and look forward to a future interview with her in which we ourselves may be able to record some more interesting information about Mr. Sawyer to add to that preserved by Mr. Burgess.

In our next installment we will bring to the attention of our readers another interesting high light on dime novels and the men who wrote them.

#### NOVELNUT NONSENSE

We realize that it is easier to make enemies than to make friends, and if we have survived thus far, and with our chances made no enemy, we'd feel ourselves to be failures. Nevertheless, here we come again.

Notice: The "Sand Bank of Jersey," Bro. Nathan, Pres., has lost faith in paper. We are determined to go on a gold basis. Round Up's members will therefore forward their gold coins and ornaments. Value-certificates for same will be issued which must be used in payment for novels bought of members, thus putting our Club on a solid, hard-money basis. Our motto: "Down with funny money." (Advt.)

Editor's Note: Thus turn the wheels of progress.

We are happy to record that Bro. Parker's "Home For The Feeble-Minded and Stray Cats" is going great-guns, and that special terms are available to our members. Thank you, Roscoe. Atta boy! We'll be with you.

Though the hawks 'n potatoes were coming along fine, and crops promising well down on the farm, we found Bro. Burns again sunk in gloomy meditation, smoking his bucket-size pipe that stunk like a compound sulphur-garlic fertilizer. There was manure on Bill's overalls, but determination in Bill's eye. He is tired of Maine's cline, tired of the cold North, and pines for life in the Spice Islands. Said he: "I read of how you only sun-bask, and grow cokeynuts, and feed the pigs, that's all...and you live like a contented Buddha, and brown girls with roses stuck in their hair are buzzing around and playing the fiddle for you all day long." Now, Persimmon Bill is a deep thinker, and this is serious and a menace to his domesticity. We don't like it and we blame the sun-spots although Bill does have a bad case of athlete's-foot and a wen back of his left ear.

A letter from our Naturalist, Bro. Miller, describes his visit to Central Park "and Cleopatra's obelisk." In New York it is termed obelisk.

Seriously: A wild-eyed and wealthy novelnut, whose age was dignified by the noodles under his chin, recently paid a visit to Brother B. And that is ALL he paid, although a post-mortem taken of his departure revealed the absence of some forty items. There are beyond question some great collectors of other's per-

sonal property absent-mindedly afield. We are curious. Perhaps the following adv. is significant. Note same.

PERSONAL: Brother, I understand. You are blameless. You were just about fried stinko when you called Return the novels you swiped on your sit, and, being of a forgiving disposition, I shall mention no names because people might talk. (Advt.) Ed's. Note: This is terrible.

Persecution: Through petition of the townfolk, Bro. Sahr's glue factory has been moved to the cowpasture. Note change of address.

Tut Tut! — Differences of opinion are understandable, but this cannot excuse the conduct of Brothers Maroske and Jonas at the recent meeting and rehearsal of the Gandhi Guards. Another friendship blighted. Another ear chewed off. And why? Merely a controversy over the possession of a cigar-butt (Note: Clubroom stretchers always available.)

We understand that Bro. Langell found no milk and honey in the promised land, and has hocked his sleeping-shovel and quit the WPA. Too bad, Bill.

Well Brothers, give our love to the family when you write home.

### THAT'S WRONG—YOU'RE RIGHT!

Getting out this magazine is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly; if we don't they say we are too serious; If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves; If we don't we are too fond of our own stuff. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius; If we do print them the magazine is filled with junk. If we make a change in the other person's write-up, we are too critical; If we don't we are asleep. Now like as not someone will say we swiped this. WE DID. his high position.

Some wonderful write ups on novels coming out now. Who's next.



### NEWSY NEWS by Ye Editor

The latest excitement was the big fire in Bloomfield, N. J. April 16th 1941, when some woman in a field back of George French's barn, started a grass fire. It got away from her and swept along a front 200 yards long, with a high wind, right towards Bro. French's buildings. George was in the dark room at the time, developing, when his wife came to the window excitedly screaming "The place is all on fire." When George rushed out, flames were crawling up the barn and going lickety split towards the house and the garage. George happened to have 100 foot hose all attached to the barn faucet, so was able to check the fire from reaching the garage, and the firemen blew in just in time to save the barn and house, but lost a dandy hedge and several trees and a ladder. The barn being lowdown, was charred, lucky George was at home.

We also hear that Harold C. Holmes, of New Haven, Conn., had quite a fire too. His novels weren't burnt, but badly water soaked. We are all sorry for you, Harold.

We have with us, Walter F. Tunks, 354 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio. This is the man that bought the late Frank T. Fries, who died March 22, 1939, Dime and Nickel Novel collection. Welcome to our ranks.

Same courtesy to another new member, Arthur Stedman, Rome-Vernona Rd., Rome, N. Y.

I wonder what has happened to Mr. Frank Merriwell, who was to appear last fall, of which this book has been appearing at such times, that it has not made its arrival yet. We are all waiting for it to appear, Gil."

I read one of Uncle Billee Benners love stories the other night, and I'll say it's full of love and passion, and still he was never married, but to go on with this love story, of which is "Lady Ona's Sin," by Bertha M. Clay alias Wm. J. Benners. It appeared in New Bertha Clay Library #158 also numerous other series. Everybody that had read it, said it was fine, so I thought I'd try it out. Pretty good for a love story. Once you start to read, it holds your attention until the end.

### NEW MEMBERS OF H. H. B. FOR 1941

Nos.

4. J. Edward Leithead, 5109 Cedar Ave., Phila., Pa.
18. Chas. F. Westbrook, E. 1204 Illinois Ave., Spokane, Wash.
20. W. S. Houston, 116 Church St., Greensboro, N. C.
26. Robert Frye, Morgan Avenue, Schenectady, N. Y.
31. C. B. Hamilton, 8 Paris Street, Norway, Maine.
37. Charles M. Taylor, Market St. at 46, Northwest Corner, Phila., Pa.
57. Leonard C. Leighter, 89 Perkins St., Brockton, Mass.
63. Wm. Langell, 1654 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif.
77. Joseph Krajic, 1433 Scoville Av., S. W. Canton, Ohio.
84. Robert Burns, 17 So. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Md.
117. A. Willard Jaffray, Belvidere, Ill.
128. Earle Barr Hanson, 228 S. W. 34th Avenue, Miami, Fla. (new member)
132. L. D. Webster, 2½ Frederick Ave., Cortland, N. Y. (new member)
134. Frank C. Wilson, 11 Fields Ct. Melrose, Mass. (new member)
135. J. H. Ambreuster, 1458 Pensacola Ave., Chicago, Ill.
136. Homer Kurtz, Box 134, Kaw City, Okla.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

New addresses as follows:

30. Arvid Dahlstedt, care The Billboard, 1564 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
32. M. B. Couch (Frisco Bert) 1427 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.
34. Edward Le Blanc, 636 N. Main St., Fall River, Mass.
38. Carl Linnville, 2734 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

RANCH ROMANCES, is a good spring tonic, full of thrilling romantic stories of the West. On all news stands twice a month.

DIME NOVEL CATALOG. Illustrated. Free for stamped addressed envelope. R. Bragin, 1525 W. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# WANTED AT ALL TIMES

EARLY DIME NOVELS

EARLY AMERICAN FICTION

AMERICANA IN GENERAL

PROMPT PAYMENT ALWAYS

**Edward Morrill & Son**

144 Kingston Street  
Boston, Massachusetts

---

## Can You Use These?

Pluck and Luck 5 8 14 18 19 26 27 28 37 41 44 45 52 60 61 77 78 80 82 83 87 90  
95 96 101 127 145 146 237 (a Jack Wright story).

Work and Win 13 15 16 27 29 to 42 44 46 47 49 52 57 to 61 64 65 67 70 71 73  
75 77 to 80 82 to 90.

James Boys Weekly 5 18 101 102. Tip Top Weekly (in original colored covers)  
22 41 45 46 47 48 50 51 62 67 89. New York Detective 666 693. Beadles Dime  
Library 289, 293, 785. Beadles Half-Dime Library 66 169 293 316. Beadles Dime  
Novels (the original Beadles) 17 54 94. Old Cap Collier 761, 819.

(All of the above are in extremely good to fine condition, no junk or  
poor copies, good enough for anybody's collection. **They are not for  
sale but will exchange any two of them for any one of the following Tip  
Top Library** in good condition, with original colored covers, to replace  
worn copies in my file:

3 4 5 15 16 17 21 23 25 26 27 28 32 33 34 36 39 42 43.

If you have any or all of the above and would rather sell than swap, will pay  
\$2.50 per copy, or, if you can supply the complete run from 1 to 43 in nice con-  
dition with original colored covers, will pay \$125.00 for it. If you would rather  
swap than sell, and none of your wants are listed herein, let me know what you  
need.

J. P. GUINON

P. O. Box 214

Little Rock, Arkansas